Things past redresse, are now with me past care. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Salisbury and a Captaine.

Capt. My Lord of Salisbury, we have stayd ten dayes,
And hardly kept our Countrymen together,
And yet we heare no tidings from the King:
Therefore we will disperse our selves: farewell.
Sal. Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welchman,
The King reposeth all his confidence in thee.
Capt. 'Tis thought the King is dead, we will not stay;
The Bay-trees in our Country all are wither'd,
The Meteors fright the fixed Starres of Heaven;
The pale-fac'd Moone lookes bloody on the Earth,
And leane-lookt Prophets whi'per fearefull change;
Rich men looke sad, and Ruffians dance and leape,
The one in feare, to lose what they enioy,
The other to enjoy by Rage, and Warre:
These signes fore-run the death of Kings.
Farewell, our Countrymen are gone and fled,
As well assur'd *Richard* their King is dead. *Exit.*
Sal. Ah *Richard*, with eyes of heauy mind,
I see thy Glory, like a shooting Starre,
Fall to the base Earth, from the Firmament:
Thy Sunne sets weeping in the lowly West.
Witnessing stormes to come, woe, and unrest:
Thy friends are fled, to waite upon thy foes,
And crossely to thy good, all fortune goes. *Exit.*

Actus

of Richard *the*

Actus Tertius, S

Enter Bullingbrooke, Yorke,
Rosse, Percy, Willoughb
and Greene, pri

Bul. Bring forth these men
Bushy and *Greene*, I will not v
(Since presently your soules m
VVith two much urging your
For 'twere no Charity: yet to
From off my hands, here in th
I will unfold some causes of y
You have mis-led a Prince, a r
A happy Gentleman in Blood,
By you unhappied, and disfigu
You have in manner with you
Made a Divorce betwixt his
Broke the Possession of a Roya
And stayn'd the beauty of a fa
VVith teares drawne from he
My selfe a Prince, by fortune
Neere to the King in Blood, a
Till you did make him mis-in
Have stoopt my necke under
And sigh'd my English breath
Eating the bitter bread of ba
VVhile you have fed upon m
Dis-park'd my Parkes, and fe
From mine owne windowes
Raz'd out my Imprese leavin
Save mens opinions, and my
To shew the world I am a G
This, and much more, much m

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22313) LONDON, 1634 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.45)